

FROM THE RANKS

Continued from Page 10.

They happened to be right around the man. The Saturday evening train from the city is always crowded with people from the river towns who have been up to market or the matinees, and even the smoker was filled with standing men until they got some 50 miles down. Larsen wanted to light a fresh cigar and offered one to each of his friends. Then it was found they had no matches, and a man of them, who had been drinking a little and felt jovial, turned to the dark stranger and asked him for a light, and the man, without speaking, handed out a little silver matchbox. It was just then that the conductor came along, and Larsen saw his ticket. It was a "round trip" to Lakerville. He was evidently going there for a visit, and therefore, said Larsen, he didn't get off at Sablon station, which was six miles above.

But Armitage knew better. It was evident that he had quietly slipped out in the platform of the car after the regular passengers had got out of the way and hid himself off into the darkness on the side opposite the station. There he had an open, unimpeded walk of a few hundred yards until he reached the common, and then, when he came upon the hotel omnibus, he stepped aboard and rode. There was only one road, only one way over to the hotel, and he would not miss it. There was no doubt now that, whoever he was, the night rider had come down on the evening train from the city, and his return ticket would indicate that he meant to go back the way he came. It was half past 10 when that train arrived. It was nearly midnight when the man appeared at the cottage window. It was after 2 when Armitage gave up the search and went to bed. It was possible for the man to have walked to Lakerville, six miles north, and reached the station there in abundant time to take the up train which passed Sablon, without stopping, a little before daybreak. If he took that train, and if he was Jerrold, he would have been in the city before 7 and could have been at Fort Sibley before or by 8 o'clock. But Chester's dispatch showed clearly that at 8:30—the hour for signing the company morning report—Mr. Jerrold was not at his post.

He still is in the neighborhood and waiting for the noon train? If so, could he be confounded on the cars and accused of his crime? He looked at his watch. It was nearly 11, and he must push on to the hotel before that hour, report to the colonel, then hasten back to the station. He sprang to his feet and was just about to mount when a vision of white and scarlet came suddenly into view. There, within 20 feet of him, making her dainty way through the shrubbery from the direction of the church, sunshine and shadow alternately ditting across her lovely face and form. Alice Renwick stepped forth into the pathway, and shading her eyes with her hand gazed along the leafy lane toward the road, as though expectant of another's coming. Then, attracted by the beauty of the goldenrod, she bent and bustled herself with gathering in the yellow sprays. Armitage, with one foot in the stirrup, stood stock still, half in surprise, half stunned by a sudden and painful thought. Could it be that she was there in hopes of meeting—any one?

He took his foot from the stirrup, and relaxing the rein still stood gazing at her over his horse's back. That placid quadruped, whose years had been spent in these pleasant byways and were too many to warrant an exhibition of colicish surprise, promptly lowered his head and resumed his occupation of grass nibbling, making a little crunching noise which Miss Renwick might have heard, but apparently did not. She was singing very softly to herself:

"Daisy, tell my fortune, pray,  
He loves me not—he loves me."  
And still Armitage stood and gazed, while she, absorbed in her pleasant task, still pulled and plucked at the goldenrod. In all his life no "vision of fair women" had been to him so fair and sacred and exquisite as this. Down to the tip of her arched and slender foot, peeping from beneath the brodered hem of her snowy skirt, she stood the lady born and bred, and his eyes looked on and worshipped her—worshipped, yet questioned. Why came she here? Absorbed, he released his hold on the rein, and Dobbin, nothing loth, reached with his long, lean neck for farther herbage and stepped in among the trees. Still stood his negligent master, fascinated in his study of the lovely, graceful girl. Again she raised her head and looked toward the road, the windings, shaded, wood paths. A few yards away were other great clusters of the wild flowers she loved, more sun kissed goldenrod, and, with a little murmur of delight, gathering her dainty skirts in one hand, she flitted up the pathway like an unconscious humming bird gathering the sweets from every blossom. A little farther on the pathway bent among the trees, and she would be hidden from his sight, but still he stood and studied her every movement, drank in the soft, cooling melody of her voice as she sang, and then there came a sweet, solemn strain from the brown, small walls just visible through the trees, and reverent voices and the resonant chords of the organ thrilled through the listening woods the glorious anthem of the church militant.

At the first notes she lifted up her quavering head and stood, listening and appreciative. Then he saw her rounded throat swelling like a bird's, and the rich, full tones of her voice rang out through the welcoming sunshine, and the fluttering vireos, and red breasted robins, and rival song queens, the brown winged thrushes—even the impatient shrieking jays—seemed to hush and listen. Dobbin, fairly astonished, lifted up his hollow eye bead and looked anxiously at the white songstress whose scarlet sash and neck ribbons gleamed in such vivid contrast to the foliage about her. A wondering little "cotton-tail" rabbit, shy and wild as a hawk, came darting through the bushes into the sunbath patchwork on the path, and then, uptilted and with quivering ears and nostrils and wide staring eyes, stood paralyzed with helpless amazement, ignoring the tall man in gray as did the singer herself. Richer, rounder, fuller grew the melody as, abandoning herself to the impulse of the sacred hour, she joined with all her girlish heart in the words of praise and thanksgiving, in the glad and triumphant chorus of the Te Deum. From beginning to end she sang, now singing and exultant, now soft and plaintive, following the solemn words of the ritual—seek and

low and suppliant in the petition. "We therefore pray thee help thy servants whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood," confident and exulting in the declaration, "Thou art the king of glory, O Christ!" and then rich with fearless trust and faith in the thrilling climax, "Let me never be confounded." Armitage listened as one in a trance. From the depth of her heart the girl had joined her glorious voice to the chorus of praise and adoration, and now that all was still once more her head had fallen forward on her bosom; her hands, laden with goldenrod, were joined together. It seemed as though she were lost in prayer.

And this was the girl, this the pure, God worshipping, God fearing woman, who for one black instant he had dared to fancy had come here expectant of a meeting with the man whose aim had been frustrated by the night before? He could have thrown himself at her feet and implored her pardon. He did not do so, and then, hat in hand, baring his proud Saxon head as his forefathers

girl whose presence made that sinit less a heaven. Were he to live a thousand years, no scene on earth could rival in his eyes the love haunted woodland pathway wherein, like forest queen, she stood, the sunshine and leafy shadows dancing over her graceful form, the goldenrod enhancing her dark and glowing beauty, the sacred influences of the day throwing their mystic charm about her as though angels guarded and shielded her from harm. His life had reached its climax. His fate was sealed. His heart and soul were centered in one sweet girl, and all in one brief hour in the woodland lane at Sablon.

She could not fail to see the deep emotion in his eyes as at last she turned to break the silence.  
"Shall we go?" she said simply.  
"It is time, but I wish we could remain."  
"You do not go to church very often at Sibley, do you?"  
"I have not hitherto, but you would teach me to worship." "You have taught me," he muttered below his breath as he extended a hand to assist her down the sloping bank toward the avenue. She looked up quickly once more, pleased, yet shy, and shifted her great bunch of goldenrod so that she could lay her hand in his and lean upon its steady strength down the incline, and so, hand in hand, with old Dobbin ambling placidly behind, they passed out from the shaded pathway to the glow and radiance of the sunlit road.

CHAPTER XII.  
"Colonel Maynard, I admit everything you say as to the weight of the evidence," said Frank Armitage 20 minutes later, "but it is my faith—understand me, my faith, I say—that she is utterly innocent. As for that damnable letter, I do not believe it was ever written to her. It is some other woman."

"What other is there, or was there?" was the colonel's simple reply.  
"That is what I mean to find out. Will you have my baggage sent after me tonight? I am going at once to the station, and thence to Sibley. I will write you from there. If the midnight visitor should prove to have been Jerrold, he can be made to explain. I have always held him to be a concealed spy, but never either cracked brain or devoid of principle. There is no time for explanation now. Godfrey and keep a good lookout. That fellow may be here again."

And in an hour more Armitage was skimming along the winding river side en route to Sibley. He had searched the train from pilot to rear platform, and no man who in the faintest degree resembled Mr. Jerrold was on board. He had wired to Chester that he would reach the fort that evening, but would not resume duty for a few days. He made another search through the train as they neared the city, and still there was none who in stature or appearance corresponded with the descriptions given of the sinit visitor.

Late in the afternoon Chester received him as he alighted from the train at the little station under the cliff. It was a beautiful day, and numbers of people were driving or riding out to the fort, and the high bridge over the gorge was constantly resounding to the thunder of hoofs. Many others, too, had come out on the train, for the evening dress parade always attracted a swarm of visitors. A corporal of the guard, with a couple of men, was on hand to keep vigilant eyes on the arrivals and to persuade certain proscribed parties to retrace their steps, and should they attempt to revisit the post, and the faces of those were lighted up as they saw their old adjutant, but none others of the garrison appeared.

"Let us wait a moment and get these people out of the way," said Armitage. "I want to talk with you, is Jerrold back?"  
"Yes. He came in just 10 minutes after I telegraphed to you, was present at inspection, and if it had not been for your dispatch this morning I should not have known he had remained out of quarters. He appeared to resent my having been to his quarters. Calls it spying, I presume."  
"What permission had he to be away?"  
"I gave him leave to visit town on personal business yesterday afternoon. He merely asked to borrow a few books to read friends in town, and Mr. Hall took tattoo roll call for him. As I do not require any other officer to report the time of his return, I did not exact it of him, but of course no man can be away after midnight without special permission, and he was gone all night. What is it, Armitage? Has he followed her down there?"  
"Somebody was there last night and capized the colonel pretty much as he did you the night of the ladder episode," said Armitage coolly.  
"By heaven, and I let him go!"  
"How do you know 'twas he?"  
"Who else could it be, Armitage?"  
"That's what the colonel asks, but it isn't clear to me yet awhile."  
"I wish it were less clear to me," said Chester gloomily. "The worst is that the story is spreading like a pestilence all over the post. The women have got hold of it, and there is all manner of talk. I shouldn't be surprised if Mrs. Hoyt had to be taken violently ill. She has written to invite Miss Renwick to visit her, as it is certain that Colonel and Mrs. Maynard cannot come, and I ought to be in a horror of amaze yesterday to know if there were any truth in the rumor that I had caught a man coming out of Mrs. Maynard's window the other night. I would tell her nothing, and he says the ladies declare they won't go to the German if he does. Heaven! I'm thankful you are come. The thing has been driving me wild these last 12 hours. I wanted to go away myself. Is she coming up?"  
"No, she isn't, but let me say this, Chester—that whenever she is ready to return I shall be ready to escort her."  
Chester looked at his friend in amazement and without speaking.  
"Yes, I see you are astonished, but you may as well understand the situation. I have heard all the colonel could tell and have even seen the letter, and since she left here a mysterious stranger has appeared by night at Sablon, at the cottage window, though it happened to be her mother's this time, and I don't believe Alice Renwick knows the first thing about it."  
"Armitage, are you in love?"  
"Chester, I am in my mind senses. Now come and show me the ladder and where you found it and tell me the whole story over again. I think it grows interesting. One moment. Has he that picture yet?"

"I suppose so. I don't know. In the last few days everybody is fighting shy of him. He thinks it is my doing and looks black and sulky at me, but is too proud or too much afraid of consequences to ask the reason of the cold shoulders and averted looks. Gray has taken seven days' leave and gone off with that little girl of his to place her with relatives in the east. He has heard the stories, and it is presumed that some of the women have told her. She was down sick here a day or two."  
"Well, now for the window and the ladder. I want to see the outside through your eyes, and then I will view the interior with my own. The colonel bids me do so."  
Together they slowly climbed the long stairway leading up the face of the cliff. Chester stopped for a breathing spell more than once.  
"You're all out of condition, man," said the younger captain, pausing impatiently. "What has undone you?"  
"This trouble and nothing else. By gad, it has unstrung the whole garrison, I believe. You never saw our people fall off so in their shooting. Of course we expected Jerrold to go to pieces, but nobody else."  
"There were others that seemed to fall away too. Where was that cavalry team that was expected to take the skirmish medal away from us?"  
"Sound as a dollar, every man, with the single exception of their big sergeant. I don't like to make any comparisons with a man whom I believe to be more than half interested in a woman, but it makes me think of the old story about Medusa. One look at her face is too much for a man. That Sergeant McLeod went to grass the instant he caught sight of her and never has picked up since."  
"Consider me considerably more than half interested in the woman in this case, Chester. Make all the comparisons you like, provided they illuminate matters as you are doing now, and tell me more of this Sergeant McLeod. What do you mean by his catching sight of her and going to grass?"  
"I mean he fell flat on his face the moment he saw her and hasn't been in good form from that moment to this. The doctor says it's heart disease."  
"That's what the colonel says troubles Mrs. Maynard. She was senseless and almost powerless some minutes last night. What manner of man is McLeod?"  
"A tall, slim, dark eyed, swarthy fellow, a man with a history and a mystery, I judge."  
"A man with a history, a mystery, who is tall, slim, has dark eyes and swarthy complexion and faints away at sight of Miss Renwick might be said to possess peculiar characteristics, family traits, some of them. Of course you've kept an eye on McLeod. Where is he?"  
Chester stood leaning on the rail, breathing slowly and heavily. His eyes dilated as he gazed at Armitage, who was surveying him coolly, though the tone in which he spoke betrayed a new interest and a vivid one.  
"I confess I never thought of him in connection with this affair," said Chester.  
"There's the one essential point of difference between us," was the reply. "You go on the supposition that there is only one solution to this thing, and that a woman must be dishonored to begin with. I believe there can be several solutions, and that there is only one thing in the lot that is at all impossible."  
"What's that?"  
"Miss Renwick's knowledge of that night's visitor or of any other secret or sin. I mean to work other theories first, and the McLeod trail is a good one to start on. Where can I get a look at him?"  
"Somewhere out in the Rockies by this time. He was ordered back to his troop five days ago, and they are out scouting at this moment unless I'm vastly mistaken. You have seen the morning dispatches?"  
"About the Indians? Yes. Looks squally at the Spirit Rock reservation. Do you mean that McLeod is there?"  
"That's where his troop ought to be by this time. There is too small a force on the trail now, and more will have to go if a big outbreak is to be prevented."  
"Then he has gone, and I cannot see him. Let me look at the window then."  
A few steps brought them to the terrace, and there, standing by the west wall and looking up at the closed stateroom door, was Captain Chester. He would the story of his night adventure, Armitage listened attentively, asking few questions. When it was finished, the latter turned and walked to the rear door, which opened on the terrace. It was locked.

"The servants are having a holiday, I presume," he said. "So much the better. Ask the quartermaster for the key of the front door, and I'll go in while everybody is out looking at dress parade. There goes first call now. Let your orderly bring it to me here, will you?"  
Ten minutes later, with beating heart, he stood and uncovered his handsome head and gazed silently, reverently around him. He was in her room.  
It was dainty as her own dainty self. The dressing table, the windows, the pretty white bed, the broad, inviting lounge, the work table and basket, and very alike, white and yellow prevailing. White lace curtains draped the window on the west—that faded window—and the two that opened out on the roof of the piazza. White lace curtains draped the bed, the dressing table and the washstand. White lace or some equally filmy and feminine material hung about her bookshelves and worktable and over the lounge, and bows of bright yellow ribbons and wall pockets hung at the toilet table, soft yellow rugs lay at the bed and lounge side, and a sunbath tone was given to the whole apartment by the shades of yellow silk that hung close to the windows.

On the wall were some choice etchings and a few foreign photographs. On the bookshelves were a few volumes of poetry and the prose of George Eliot and our own Hawthorne. Hanging on the wall in the corner of the simple army room, covered by a curtain, were some heavy outer garments, an ulster, a traveling coat and cape of English make and one or two dresses that were apparently too thick to be used at this season of the year. He drew aside the curtain one moment, took a brief glance at the garments, raised the hem of a skirt to his lips and turned quickly away. A door led from the room to the one behind it, a spare bedroom evidently

proper discipline, even though he was indignant at the officer for permitting himself to be placed in so false and undignified a position. Jerrold's words, too, had acquired a wide significance, but they were feeble as compared with the sudden outburst that came from the soldier's lips:  
"By God, lieutenant, you bribed me to silence to cover your tracks, and then you refuse to pay. If you don't want to tell what I know, the sooner you pay that money the better."  
This was more than Armitage could stand. He went down stairs three at a jump and out through the colonel's garden with quick, impetuous steps. Jerrold's furious face turned ashen at

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."  
Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.  
"After you, captain," he said.

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.  
The sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:  
"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds